

AN ELEGY

Upon the much lamented Death of the most Reverend Divine

HENRY WILKINSON, D. D.

Late *CANNON* of *CHRIST-CHURCH* in *OXFORD*; and since
Preacher of the Gospel in *London*, who dyed the 5th of *June*, 1675.

Let's haste to *Jordan's* banks, from whence not far,
Elijah (mounted in his *fiery Carr*
Drawn by swift *seraphims*) doth cut his way
Through *Airy Fiery Regions*, without stay
At the *Olympick houses*; till he comes
Unto the *Pearly Gates*, and *Azure Rooms*
Prepared for him by the King of Kings,
Where to the Lamb he *Hallelujah* sings.
But let's come down again to *Jordan's* brook,
And while he *climbs*, on our *Elijah* look:
And when our sorrows want a *briny Tear*,
Our Eyes may now take in *fresh water* there:
Let them upon a *Sea of Tears* *boyste sail*,
And let them *leak*, and *drown* too; let a *gale*
Of Sighs fill our Soul's wings, and make them soare
After this Saint, unto his *Heavenly shore*.
Methinks I hear the *Quire of Angels* cry,
Welcom blest Soul unto our company
Innumerable; *Just spirits*, (every one
Made perfect,) cry, Make room for *Wilkinson*.
Asb, *Bridge*, *Pearce*, *Caryl*, *Whitaker*, and *Strong*,
Vines, *Venning*, *Calamy*, and *Love* (among
The *Martyrs*) *Janaway*, congratulate
Their *Benjamin*, approaching *Heaven's gate*.
Methinks I see them circling round the Throne,
Spectators, while *Jehovah's* hand doth crown
This *Victor* with triumphant *bayes of Glory*,
Ensured to him on Earth in Scripture-story.
Doth not his *Treble Soul* *Heaven's Quire* advance,
By adding a new Song, whil'st with a glance
He takes a prospect of his *acted scene*;
On this World's Theatre, his Soul agen
Re-acts, and *Comments* on his ended dayes,
(To us a *Text*) and now admires the rayes
Of *Grace*, *Truth*, *Wisdom*, *Goodness*, *Power*, and *Love*,
Commenced here, there perfected by *Jove*.
The time is ended of the *dark Eclipse*,
Now, now, he clearly sees th' *Apocalyps*,
One-minute now, of Knowledge gives him more
In *Mysteries*, than scores of years before.

But where now am I gone! return my Muse,
Come view his life, his *Enochisme* peruse.
Hath he not for his Lord *spent*, and been *spent*?
Come see in every place his *Monument*.
Oxford! Produce thy high priz'd *Pearls*, thy *Gold*,
(Such as the *Indies*, *Gniny*, never told)
Which from *Heaven's Factory*, our Merchant brought
And found for thee before 'twas by thee sought.
Athens should not have ship'd him from her Port,
Nor the *Cathedral* from that *Royal Fort*,
Which he so stoutly *Mann'd*, against th' attack
Of *Romish Monsters* while he drave them back.
London! Doth not thy Walls yet *Eccho* from
His *Trumpet*? Hath not his *Alarm* come
Into thy Soul? Doth not this *Aaron's Bell*
Yet ring within thy Ears? Let *Spittles Cell*
Bear witness of his *warning piece*; he fir'd
Upon our Lusts, which guilt and wrath acquir'd.
Can we forget his *winged Soul*, that went
After, when his loud cries to Heaven were sent?
As if he long'd to know what *Heaven* decreed,
That he the News might bring to *Jacob's Seed*:
Cannot the *Watch-Towers* where th' *Prophet* stood,
Bear witness of that *over-flowing flood*
Of wrath (from the *Apocalyps* of *John*
By him foretold) to come on *Albion*?
How did his working Heart, in every word
Breathe out it self? How did the *Spirit's sword*
(Brandished in his skilful hand) help on
Sin, Satan's, Death's last Execution?
He Preach'd, as if immediately from *God*
He came; he Pray'd as if in's presence stood.
A *David's Zeal*, a *Moses Meekness*, *Job's*
Still Patience, his Lord *Christ* Royal robes
Of Holiness, did splendidly array
This glorious Saint, fit for his *Wedding day*;
What shall I say! him shall I dare to call
Henry the First for his Memorial. 80.